UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Support of the Democratic Movement of Negro Americans - - *Edith Hansen*

Why Peace Comes So Hard - - - - - - - - - *Stanton A. Coblentz*

Theodore Parker and the Socializing of Religion - - - *R. Lester Mondale*

An Obscured Image - *May Stranathan*

Western Conference News

VOLUME CXXXI NUMBER 6

Chicago, August, 1945

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878
(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Monthly *Subscription $1.50*
Until Further Notice *Single Copies 15 cents*

Published by The Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago 15, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, April 11, 1941, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Burning the Books Again

The "Institute for the Re-Education of Germans" has decided that we must make unavailable to the Germans "all books glorifying war." I hope we have thought that one through, but I am afraid not.

Are we to copy Hitler's book burnings? Are we to turn over to a commission authority to raid German libraries under some general and dubious directives?

The German prisoner of war, indoctrinated with the American way of life, will certainly want to know how Americans are applying the principles of freedom of speech and of press, when they hear of this.

It is impossible to suppress all books glorifying war without suppressing the Old Testament; the leading classics (Homer, Virgil, Caesar); parts of Shakespeare; all the great body of English, American and German poets who wrote in praise of the struggles for freedom —Byron, Shelley, Whitman, Schiller, for instance; Marx, Engels, and the Communist writers who preached the class struggle; the histories of the British, French, American and Russian revolutions (many of these suppressed by Hitler!); and, in fact, most of the existing histories of the last 2,000 years, and almost everything, written in any country, during these war years, including the speeches of Churchill, Stalin and F. D. R.; most American films; many American comics, and the speeches of General Patton.

Ironically enough, it would be possible to keep most of the published speeches of Hitler, for he consistently took the line that the struggle was forced upon Germany by the wicked warmongers of the democracies, who interfered with Germany's peaceable mission to spread the New Order and German culture!

—Dorothy Thompson, in the *New York Post*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXXI AUGUST, 1945 No. 6

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

The first thing to do with the San Francisco Charter is to understand it. To this end I know of nothing better than the expository statement made to the Associated Press by General Jan Christiaan Smuts, of South Africa. General Smuts is a great and good man. As one who took a prominent part in framing the League of Nations Covenant, he has a background of experience from which to judge. Also, as a delegate at San Francisco, he knows at first hand what was done there. In his statement, he makes clear that the new charter is based on four important points: (1) "that force is necessary to maintain peace; (2) that only the combined force of the great powers can guarantee the world against total war and that therefore great power unity is a necessary condition for world peace; (3) that the other nations according to their measure should bind themselves in advance to supply force against aggression; and (4) that the smaller defensive groups should be encouraged under the world organization to help in maintaining the peace in their areas." General Smuts believes that these points mark a great advance over the League of twenty-five years ago, and reflect thus "our terrible experience since the last war." But to me it seems much more like a throwback to the old idea of the League to Enforce Peace which flourished before the League of Nations was ever heard of. In any case, it is clear that the central feature of the San Francisco Charter is *force*. It is to be understood, interpreted, accepted or rejected, on this ground alone. To those who believe that force is basic to all social organization, the charter must represent a great and beneficent achievement. To those who believe that, whether we like it or not, we are living in a world dominated by force, and that there is no practical way of holding this world together except by the organization of a constructive force to meet and overcome all aggressive and destructive force whatsoever, to these the Charter will be welcomed as the only and necessary step which had to be taken toward the far goal of world peace. But there are some of us who insist that force is what lies at the bottom of all our difficulties. That as long as we have force recognized and organized, so long we are going to have war! That is what war is—the use of force for the accomplishment of international ends. That is what we have done twice in the last thirty years—used force, as General Smuts puts it, "to maintain peace." And where has it gotten us? To those, therefore, who see force as the source of all our trouble, the Charter holds out little hope. I am myself in this last group. I can welcome the Charter, which will be adopted in any case, only as a sort of final test of this whole doctrine of force.

II

Irony, it seems to me, can go no farther than in the debate which has been raging in this country over the San Francisco Charter on the one hand and post-war military conscription on the other. Opposition to one of these measures and support of the other would be understandable, for they are mutually exclusive to an extreme degree. But what we have seen is the amazing spectacle of the administration and of a considerable portion of the general public clamoring for the adoption of *both*. Take the Charter as the cornerstone of the great new edifice of world peace—and conscript and arm the youth of the nation in preparation for the next war! Could anything be more ridiculous outside of Alice's famous Looking Glass Country? Of course it has been argued, notably by Secretary Stimson, that post-war conscription is an implementing of the San Francisco Charter. It is a demonstration that we propose to back up this great adventure of peace —put force behind it, and thus get peace even if we have to fight for it! Which argument, if it be sound, simply means that in the Charter we have not got a real peace document at all, but only an organization of military force in the hands of the great powers for the running of the world on their own terms and in their own interest! Any nation that protests this new imperialism, any people which seeks freedom from its imposition of dictatorial rule, will simply be suppressed, that is all, and for this we shall need arms, and America will provide her share in her great conscript army. This

is the "peace" that we are now going to enjoy—the kind of peace that prevailed in Europe for thirty years after the fall of Napoleon under the Holy Alliance established at Vienna in 1815, and then blew up in the vast explosions of 1848. Of course, what we have in this ironical support at one and the same time of these two contradictory measures is a judgment on the San Francisco Charter. Deep down in our hearts we know that the Charter brings us no assurance of enduring peace at all, but just lays down the lines and determines the issues of the next war. In this circumstance, those who believe in force of arms as the only real basis of security naturally call for conscription and an arming of the nation to the teeth. They see what is coming, and they want to be ready for it in the only way they know how. Here the military men—Marshall, Eisenhower, and the rest—are thoroughly honest and consistent. They have got a case, such as it is. The trouble begins with the people who argue that San Francisco means peace, and then turn around and call for conscription.

III

What is happening to the new government proposals in India is uncertain as I write. What began as a veritable spate of propaganda news, highly favorable, of course, to the plan offered by Lord Wavell, suddenly shut down into censored silence the moment Indians began to offer criticism. So I do not know what is going on—and I am not much interested either one way or the other. For the British offer is unimportant, and it makes little difference whether it is accepted or not. What it proposes is that the Viceroy's Executive Council be reconstituted so that all the offices save that of Commander-in-Chief be occupied by Indians, these Indians to be chosen by the Viceroy from "leaders of Indian political life," as named or nominated by Indian groups or parties. This sounds like something real—until it is remembered that the so-called power of the Council is anything but real. Under this suggested agreement, the Viceroy is to retain all his present constitutional prerogatives as set forth in the Government of India Act of 1919. This means, among other things, that the Viceroy can veto, at his discretion, all decisions of the Executive Council, and on the other hand, can himself initiate and certify by decree any action of his own. He remains responsible only to the Secretary of State for India in London. The Executive Council, in other words, however reconstituted, is still purely an advisory body, with no real power of its own. So why get excited—least of all imagine that the independence of India is at hand? The government of the country is as much in British hands as ever, especially in the extensive and populous native states which are not touched by this proposed reform. How little change there is in the situation is shown by the much-touted release of Indian leaders from prison—those heroic men and women who have been held in bondage, without indictment, trial or conviction, in defiance of the Chief Justice's ruling as to the illegality of the whole proceeding, since August, 1942. It is true that a few of the more prominent of these leaders, including Nehru and Azad, have been released. But the great majority of them, numbering thousands, are still behind the bars. Uma Shankar, writing in the *New Leader,* sees "no alternative to acceptance save inactivity or another civil disobedience campaign." But what if it is accepted? "The cause of Indian independence and freedom is not furthered by it. There will merely be a temporary truce to the struggle against imperialism."

IV

President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, has been indulging in some straight talk that might well be imitated by some other college presidents that I can think of. When we condemn the whole German and Japanese people for the crimes alleged against them, says President Hutchins, we are doing the same thing that the Nazis did when they condemned the Jews. "We call Japanese soldiers fanatics when they die rather than surrender, whereas American soldiers who do the same thing are heroes." Then he continued:

> We prove that all Germans are murderers and all Japanese apes, and at the same time insist that we are going to have one world in which all men are brothers. We say we are going to reeducate the Germans, and adopt a policy of nonfraternization. We hate slavery and propose forced labor. We want Europe rebuilt, but will leave no heavy industry in Germany. We are against dictatorship, but the dictatorship of the proletariat is an exception.

What President Hutchins is here protesting against is the collapse of our intellectual and spiritual integrity under the impact of war hysteria—that acceptance of a double standard of morals in our thinking which in peacetime we would regard as a disgrace. The single standard, the universal application of truth, the playing of no favorites, the indulgence of no blind partisanship *pro* or *con,* pure objectivity which is simple honesty—this is what he is after. And why not? Take some examples! I am opposed to concentration camps. I was opposed to them when the English established them in South Africa, when the Spaniards established them in Cuba, when the Americans (we ourselves!) established them in the Philippines, when the Nazis established them in Germany, and now when the Bolsheviks are maintaining them in Russia. I am opposed to dictatorships. I grew up to hate the dictatorships of the Tsar and the Sultan. I hated instantly the dictatorships of Mussolini, Franco, Hitler, and Huey Long. I hate the dictatorships of Japan in Manchuria and Korea, and of Britain in India. And I hate and loathe and fear the dictatorship of Stalin in Russia, Poland, Roumania, and a dozen other countries.

I denounce atrocities—the atrocities of the Nazis and the Japanese in occupied countries, and the atrocities of the English and the Americans in bombed cities. I love people, the common people of whom God made so many—the English people, the French people, the Russian people, and the German people and the Japanese people, and Jews and Negroes and persecuted minorities generally—and I would include them all, without distinction or qualification of any kind, in the one great brotherhood of man. This is the way to think, and to live. Not otherwise can we have peace. Thanks to President Hutchins for his reminder!

V

Is there no end to these atrocity tales? Here is a very recent one that for some reason has especially horrified me. It concerns an American soldier who was sentenced in his prison camp "to break rocks with a short-handled sledge at a cadence of 120 blows a minute." Obviously, this was an impossible task. "No human could possibly carry on at that speed," says the newspaper dispatch. Then came the punishment for failure! The prisoner was ordered to stand at attention, with the sledge at his side. The account goes on:

> He was then smashed across the jaw with a club which raised a welt on the left side of his face about as big as a fist, and which knocked the fillings out of his teeth. He was knocked down, and upon arising was again knocked down and smashed into unconsciousness and beaten around the shoulders, arms, and legs. He was then dragged off to the guardhouse and placed in solitary confinement.

It should be added that this tortured victim was not in a Nazi concentration camp, but in an American prison—at the Army Air Base at Lincoln, Nebraska. His torturers were American Army officers. The disclosure was made on the floor of the House in Washington by Representative Leon H. Gavin, of Pennsylvania, who said that the House Military Affairs Committee had uncovered "a number of other beatings." All of which means not that we have a Gestapo in this country, as Representative Gavin intimated, not that America is the Reich or Americans Nazis! But that human nature is about the same everywhere, with a mixture of good and bad, merciful and cruel, in any considerable group of men and women! I have taken delight in publishing in these columns the stories of good deeds done by Germans—not to prove that all Germans are angels, which they are not, but that there are good Germans. I count it my duty on occasion to publish stories of bad deeds done by Americans—not to prove that all Americans are devils, which they are not, but that unfortunately there are bad Americans. I would expose the slander, the sin, of making sweeping and universal judgments, either good or bad, of a whole people. Let us remember Stevenson's familiar statement—"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not behoove any of us to say very much about the rest of us."

VI

Varian Fry some time ago resigned in disgust from the editorial staff of the *New Republic*. Louis Fisher has similarly resigned from the *Nation*, after twenty-two years of association with that once noble and now ignoble sheet. Here is a dramatic presentation of the line of cleavage being drawn ever more and more sharply between liberals and fellow travelers—between men of the open mind and the free spirit, and men bound in intellectual and spiritual servitude to a preconceived and utterly dogmatic set of ideas. The *New Republic* and the *Nation* were once truly liberal journals. Think of the former in the days of Herbert Croly and the latter in the days of Oswald Garrison Villard! Under the direction of these two great editors, these papers were independent of every influence but that of their own convictions. They followed no party line, they played no favorites, they prated no shibboleths. Their columns were open to all competent and honest thinkers, to say whatever they thought should be said on public questions—not closed, as now, to all who are not orthodox according to the standards of a hard and fast editorial creed. The downfall of these two papers, as of so many other liberal individuals and institutions, began in the early days of President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Scared to the point of panic, bereft of their editorial senses, unable in the terror of the hour to think for themselves, they threw themselves into Roosevelt's hands, and became the abject "me, too's" of his administration. From that time on they lost the faculty of criticism and independent judgment. Anything that Roosevelt said was true because he said it—anything that Roosevelt did was right because he did it. What was at work, of course, was infantilism — the father complex of the feeble child bound in glad subjection to the parental domination. And now we see this same complex at work in the case of Russia. With both the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, Joseph Stalin is now king—and the king can do no wrong. What Moscow says goes as infallibly today with Bruce Bliven and Freda Kirchway as what Franklin D. Roosevelt said yesterday. Which means that liberalism is dead in these two great papers! They are now little more than high-class editions of the *Daily Worker*. Let me advise those who would read liberal journals still, to turn to the *Progressive*, the *New Leader*, *Common Sense*, *Fellowship*, and the *Christian Century*. In these papers lives today the true tradition of American liberalism.

"Intelligence is the security of the Republic as ignorance is the upholding of monarchy. To insure ourselves against the disasters of war . . . we want education diffused. . . ."

Ulysses S. Grant—1880.

Jottings

Of all silly remarks, I think that *"we are going to have peace even if we have to fight for it"* is the silliest. What would we think of a man who said, "I am going to be honest, even if I have to rob a bank," or "I am going to be chaste, even if I have to commit adultery with my neighbor's wife"? That is how silly it is to talk about fighting for peace.

Military and naval men are all in favor of post-war military conscription. Of course they are! That is their trade. They are in favor of conscription the same way the shoemaker is in favor of shoes, and the jockey of horse racing—and the preacher of sermons! Each man to his trade! But that means nothing as to the worth or need of the trade.

Professor Henry Norris Russell, of the Princeton Observatory, says that "there may be thousands of habitable worlds" among "the many millions of remoter stars." If these planetary denizens conduct their planetary affairs as we do on this earth, then this is about the saddest news we have ever heard. But perhaps Bernard Shaw is right—that the earth is the lunatic asylum of the universe!

". . . some who are not even Christians. They may be Jews, Hindus, Mohammedans, Unitarians."
C. J. Wooley in *The Oratory* (Catholic)

Well, that is pretty good company! With Rabbi Wise a Jew, and Gandhi a Hindu, and Synd Hossain a Mohammedan, I guess the Unitarians can survive. Heaven for climate—but hell for company!

The status of the ministry is certainly changing. Burglars broke into a parsonage in Boston this summer!

The Jews are almost as good at quarreling among themselves as the Christians. To the former I would commend a prayerful reading of Psalm 133:1, and to the latter an equally prayerful reading of I Corinthians 12:25.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Support the Democratic Movement of Negro Americans

EDITH HANSEN

Negro Americans are, at the present time, a rich and important actual and potential source of democratic faith. For full development of their faith and enrichment of their contribution, they need more help by citizens who feel a concern for intellectual freedom. And these citizens need the help of Negro Americans.

When an individual believes that his own need and the need of his group can be helped by application of democratic principles, he can work for such application with ardor. His understanding of the principles becomes clear, his sense of them vivid, his faith in them strong and genuine. Negro Americans have learned to value all applications of democracy which most other Americans have been taught to value. But they suffer from lack of more applications than other Americans. They suffer not only from lack of rights and privileges, but also from physical abuse and danger and from humiliation and dread of humiliation. They know that their suffering is due to the failure of Americans of Caucasoid ancestry to behave democratically. They have unceasing occasion to think about what in human experience and in human behavior is democratic and what is undemocratic. The majority of their leaders and many of the mass have developed, through experience and through thinking about their experience, a clear, keen, comprehensive understanding of essential democracy. They know that democracy means belief in the dignity of every man and in the power of all people, cooperating, to make a good world. They want to feel that way about themselves. Assurance is spreading among them that it is right to feel that way about themselves. Their belief in democracy is based upon spontaneous aspiration and growing self-knowledge and self-confidence. Their faith is passionate, unyielding, eternal. A growing number feel strong obligation to behave and to induce others to behave in democratically responsible ways. A Negro woman told me of her experiences in riot prevention work during the Philadelphia transit strike.

"I went into slum districts, into night clubs, into all sorts of places where there were crowds of colored people. I climbed up on tables, and I said to them: 'You want democracy. You won't get it by throwing stones through car windows.'" Many colored people are doing work of civic importance. Democratic habits are being strengthened among them, and new ones formed. "Negro women, too," points out an editorial in the March issue of the *Aframerican Woman's Journal,* "are coming awake politically as was clearly shown by the attention shown them by both parties in the last political campaign." The *Aframerican Woman's Journal* is the quarterly of the National Council of Negro Women, representing organizations having a total membership of about 800,000 .

"If you are indifferent to conditions which permit lynching, rioting, exploitation, denial of economic, educational, civil and legal rights to you and your fellow Americans, you are just as much to blame as any other force operating against realization of the principles of democracy." So urged the recent membership campaign pamphlet of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. This

association is the oldest civil rights organization in the world. It is non-partisan and interracial in the composition of its membership and board of directors. It has 800 branches and youth councils, and a membership of more than 400,000 in 44 states. Negro Americans are not seeking special privilege. They are not afraid that democratic gain by others will deprive them of any good thing. They want all people to have democratic opportunity. Increasingly, they are cooperating with other Americans in varied efforts for the common good. Because their aims are of value for all mankind, they have less occasion to rationalize selfish viewpoints than the majority of Americans. Their immediate, unsatisfied needs and the needs of mankind as a whole are identical. They are endeavoring to provide for those needs by methods which are right not only for themselves but for the entire world. These circumstances are the reasons for the clarity of their conception of democracy. Bernard P. Young, Jr., editor of *Journal and Guide,* wrote a Credo which has been generally endorsed by Negro newspapers. This is a part of it: "I shall be an advocate of the full practice of the principles implicit in 'Life, Liberty, and Justice for All.' I shall be an advocate for these human and civil rights on behalf of those to whom they are denied, and I shall turn the pitiless light of publicity upon all men who would deny these rights to others. I shall advocate for my country, my city, and my race, but I shall be ever on guard that I will not forget the greatest good for the greatest number while seeking deserving benefits for those small segments who are disadvantaged by denials of them." In sincerity and vigor, in consciousness by the mass of their need of democracy, the democratic Negro movement is comparable to the American Revolutionary movement. It is an influence for new democratic health and vitality in our national life.

If, however, the Negro democratic movement is to go forward, from now on, toward full fruition, support by white Americans must increase greatly. More and more white citizens must become active in it. Each active white citizen must improve the effectiveness of his participation. In the preface to the compilation of fourteen essays, entitled *What the Negro Wants,* Rayford W. Logan, editor, comments upon the "surprising unanimity" of the contributors. "Conservatives, liberals and radicals alike want Negroes eventually to enjoy the same rights, opportunities, and privileges that are vouchsafed to all other Americans and to fulfill all the obligations that are required of all other Americans." And then he adds: "Americans who profess to believe in democracy will have to face the dilemma of cooperating in the implementation of these aspirations or of limiting their ideals to white Americans only." Walter White in *Rising Wind,* an account of his impressions of the circumstances under which Negro soldiers participate in the struggle for democratic freedom, declares: "One could not, however, feel happy that military leaders, charged with the responsibility of waging the most colossal war in history, should be forced to divert their time to correcting dangerous and stupid prejudices which a negligent public at home had allowed to flourish." "I wondered at the blindness of America in crushing, or by indifference permitting to be crushed, the eagerness of its Negro citizens to participate fully and to contribute generously to the building of a strong America." Carey McWilliams, in the April issue of the *Standard* (American Ethical Union), writes: "Negroes, north and south, are today united as never before in their opposition to segregation. A profound change has come over their thinking in the last decade and what the Negro thinks about his problem is obviously one of the most important factors involved. The majority no longer has it in its power to devise a system of race relations, so-called, without securing the other party's consent to this system. . . Faced with the host of problems that she faces today, America can no longer ignore the effects of segregation. Segregation divides the nation; it divides the community; it divides the neighborhood; and, often indeed, it divides the individual, creating a distinct dual personality. . . Democracy, like peace, is indivisible. We cannot enjoy it ourselves unless we secure its blessings to others."

Support by persons who care about intellectual freedom is especially meaningful to Negro Americans, for these persons are well educated and democratically privileged. When such people demonstrate a desire to share their privileges, Negroes know that education and knowledge make white folks, as well as colored, democratic. They are encouraged to have faith that knowledge of truth will make America free. Intellectual democracy already has the support of gifted and highly educated Negro Americans. Most Negroes, however, who are struggling for equality of opportunity in employment, housing, health, general education, politics, and community civic and social life, are not conscious of the problem of free inquiry. In contacts with persons interested in it, they can learn about it. They can understand the essential principle of free inquiry, for it is closely related to freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and freedom for satisfaction of curiosity. Negroes are especially fitted for appreciation of the scientific attitude because they have no reason to fear scientific inquiry. They can be on the side of truth because truth is on their side. Appreciation of the intellectual conception of the democratic faith must come through sharing goals and efforts. There is such sharing already. Carey McWilliams in his article in the *Standard* comments upon the significance of the opposition to segregation of an "increasingly large section of the white majority." "Thus as the Negroes have become more united than ever before, the white majority has become sharply divided." Many persons interested in free inquiry are on the right side of this division in their thinking and feeling. But, actually, from now on, a white American is on the right side only if he is active on that side. As the mass of Negro Americans become conscious that their goals are espoused by people interested in intellectual freedom, these people will in turn become conscious that intellectual freedom is being transformed from an aristocratic privilege into an ideal of the whole people. Intellectual democracy is an advanced, specialized phase of democracy. It is a fruit of total democracy enjoyed by at least some of the people. It is not to be had under dictatorship. Nor can it flourish under the rule of privilege in a national condition of halfway democracy. It is necessary to provide total democracy for all the people if the fruit of intellectual democracy is to be abundant with plenti-

ful seed for the continual rebirth of equality and freedom. Total democracy for all the people can be gained only by mass support. Negro Americans, in struggling for their own rights, are providing a tremendous mass support for democratic idealism. Jerome Nathanson is quoted in an advertisement of published papers of the Conferences on the Scientific Spirit and the Democratic Faith: "The Conference is a coming together of scientists, philosophers, educators, religious leaders, and others in their common concern for the future of the free mind and the free spirit. They are dedicated to keeping the ways open for free inquiry, believing that free inquiry and democracy are as inseparable as print and the page upon which it appears." Negro Americans are helping to provide a clean, substantial page of genuine democracy suited to hold the clear imprint of free inquiry.

"When I went to grade school in Philadelphia," said Mrs. Louella Lewis, a Negro woman in domestic service, "there was a rumor that William Penn pointed down from the top of City Hall because he wanted to keep colored people down. Now I know that isn't so. I was brought up to hate white people. But I decided to find out for myself what they were like. I found out that there were nice ones. I would never teach children to hate white people. I am not going to worry any more about not being treated right because I know that someday things will be better for the colored people."

"We build a bridge over which a thousand times ten thousand shall pass. They shall journey facing the rising sun, and walk as those who are sure to arrive." This was the vision of Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, founder and president of the National Council of Negro Women, expressed to the council's annual workshop.

"Be Not Afraid" is the title of an editorial in the *Los Angeles Tribune,* commenting upon the death of President Roosevelt, the departure from the White House of Mrs. Roosevelt, and the assumption of responsibility by President Truman. "If he [President Truman] can measure up to the needs of the times in the face of broader perplexities, the Negro has little to worry about. The ball has long since started rolling for the taking of his rightful place in this country and efforts to stop it will only serve to accelerate it. The Negro himself, a new Negro, an increasingly enlightened, articulate, purposeful Negro, is behind it and he will not be shoved aside, except at tremendous costs in internal strife which no right-minded nation would be willing to underwrite. Many whites are behind the Negro, and they will not be pushed aside. They have planted their feet in a new path which they have at last found after stumbling in the dark for generations. And they know it is the right path, leading to lasting benefits for all mankind."

Suppose They Knew

Suppose a reporter and a photographer followed me
all day,
And made a report to a starving peasant in France;
What would the peasant say?
A boy in a submarine, who had not seen the light of
day for ten weeks,
What would he think of what my life speaks?
Or a marine in a hospital five thousand miles from
home,
Without ever a sight of a familiar face or sound of
voice that he knows—
Suppose as he lay there he turned the pages of a picture-section showing me all day long,
And read about the things I do—
Suppose he heard my words, too—
Where would he think I belong
In what world of his?
A gunner cramped in his turret hour after hour,
A sailor without a letter for months—
A Chinese family building roads for six years with
bare hands,
Children passing childhood without seeing it,
And youths and maidens as old as grandfathers and
grandmothers;
Or Russians, cold and hungry, with no thought but to
stand together,
Making advantage of foul and pleasant weather—
What if they could hear my complaining, see my idleness, my satiety,
My insistence on orderly propriety—

Do you suppose they would catch the real selfishness
by which I live?
Or could they understand it, the way they give?
Could they even believe it
As their eyes receive it?
Would the truth about me be something they could
understand
As they starve and yearn and fight, everything sacrificed, each for his own land?

In the ultimate significances, my record may thus stand
out.
Somewhere its pages are contrasted to the glorious
heroism of this hour—
At least it is written in my own soul,
And sometime I must see me as the Chinese would
see me now,
And the Russian,
And our own men and women facing Hell
To give me back a Heaven.

Perhaps in order to save me the agony
Of some bitter hour of realization,
I'd better learn now to remember
That the eyes of the dying turn pleadingly upon me,
That every lonesome boy craves an understanding in
my heart,
And the cries of starving children are calling me—
Perhaps I'd better remember now that these are all
my family.
And that I must bow in common sacrifice now with
them
If I expect ever to hold up my head in the days to
come!

SHELDON SHEPARD.

Why Peace Comes So Hard

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Possibly when our age is seen in perspective, the most remarkable thing about it will seem to be the contrast between the thoroughness of our preparations for winning the war and the inadequacy of our preparations for winning the peace—an inadequacy that has revealed itself in all suggestions of blueprints for the post-war future, and particularly in the results of the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences.

Consider, from the point of view of military planning, the Allied invasion of northern France. We are told that every conceivable detail was foreseen and charted with the most meticulous precision; that maps of the crucial area—not thousands of them, nor even hundreds of thousands, but millions—were drawn up long in advance, showing the position of every hill and hummock; that models of the French beaches were made and practice invasions staged in a manner that would make the actual landings seem almost a repetition. Hence the success of the invasion was not the reward of chance, but the fruit of planning.

So far, so good—the results reflect every credit on the care and skill of the men in command. But now let us glance, by contrast, at a theoretical situation. Suppose that the generals in charge of the invasion, instead of being trained military leaders, had been politicians elected because they had knelt before the bosses, tickled the popular fancy, or catered to local self-interest. Suppose that they had planned the invasion less with the idea of winning the military campaign than of winning the elections. Suppose that even when they acted with the best interests of the country in mind, their decisions had each been subject to review by other politicians; had been brought up in the Senate or the House for partisan debate, and had been liable to delay or checkmate by popular prejudice or by officeholders less cognizant than they of military needs and strategy.

But stop! one will cry. Such a situation is unthinkable! Under such conditions no war could be won! And to this the answer is: Very true! We have here the conditions not of victory but of defeat. And few will deny this statement as applied to warfare.

But at this point we reach a blind alley in our thinking. Why not proceed boldly, and apply the same reasoning to winning the peace? Why not acknowledge that the theoretical condition outlined above, wherein the generals are first of all politicians and are hamstrung by politics in conducting the war, is practically the situation that exists today in regard to peace? Who will maintain that human ingenuity, concentrated with the same painstaking and unhampered care upon the architecture of peace as upon the structure of an invasion, is incapable of surmounting the difficulties and erecting an enduring peace? But the fact—the sad and appalling fact—is that human ingenuity has never really been allowed a chance to build this most necessary of all edifices.

In two all-important ways, we give to war what we have never even thought of giving to peace. First of all, we offer the cream of our intelligence and talent. The best scientific brains go to devising implements of conflict; the best engineering brains build roads and smooth out the paths of armies; the best military brains, although perhaps not always recognized, have a far brighter chance of taking command than have the brains of the most brilliant social philosopher. In other words, capacity for the job is an outstanding factor even if not the only one behind the rise of the scientists, the engineers, and the military commanders that shape the course of modern war. But is any one naïve enough to maintain that the professional diplomats and politicians — those who actually pattern the peace — are the most perspicacious, the most public-spirited, the broadest in vision and the profoundest in knowledge of all our millions of citizens? Who would contend, in fact, that they are even nearly the best possible men for the job? Perhaps once in half a century, by some accident of history, a thinker and scholar such as Woodrow Wilson will come into high office; but in general our political system insures that our leaders shall be men of no extraordinary attainments, men whose fingers are soiled by partisanship and compromise, and therefore the very persons that, ideally speaking, should *not* lead. Yet all the while, in universities and ministerial studies, in offices and studios, the potential Marshalls, Montgomeries, and Eisenhowers of world peace remain unknown or at least unsummoned.

But this, disheartening as it is, is but one side of the picture. The other side — exemplifying the second way in which we give to war what we have never even thought of giving to peace — brings us back to the imagined military situation noted earlier in this discussion. For our peacemakers, even though they be far from the best or most desirable material, neither use nor attempt to use what talent they do have; neither plan nor are permitted to plan wholeheartedly for a warless world, in the manner in which the generals plan for a new campaign. By the very method of their selection, by the very nature of their tenure of office in a country such as the United States, they are bound hand and foot to politics; they are opposed by politics, passion, and prejudice; they fear to move too boldly, lest they offend politics, passion, and prejudice; they are compelled, of necessity, to respect ancient bogies and superstitions, such as the idea of national "sovereignty," though every student of events knows that limitless sovereignty leads to limitless possibilities of aggression. Moreover, as a further discouragement to peacemaking — in the very country that has become the pivot of the world — is the often remarked, crippling fact that one-third of the Senate has the power to veto the most enlightened and forward-looking scheme for world cooperation.

No! it is evident that mankind is not going to have the chance this time, any more than in the past, to build as conscientiously and thoroughly for peace as it has built for war. What, then, are we to do? First of all, recognize the facts — something we have never yet done; a glance full in the face of the truth may at least shock us into efforts in the right direction. And, secondly, we must acknowledge that some change in our democratic system is necessary. This does not imply either an abandonment or a weakening of democracy; on the contrary, it proposes a sealing of its cracks and flaws. The suggestion may sound revolutionary, but is based on a simple analysis of existing realities, that

the elective system is incapable of producing leaders fitted to deal adequately with present-day international complications; and, moreover, no leaders, when tied like mannikins to the strings of politics, can put forth the best in them. Therefore some modification of the elective system would seem desirable; some modification whereby only men who have undergone long preparation for their work — just as a general must undergo long training before being given charge of an army — can be placed in posts of international trust. In other words, the peacemakers must be schooled for their work just as the warmakers have been schooled for theirs; our international representatives must study and prepare as specialists in their field, just as do the chemists and engineers in theirs; and they must have freedom to act unimpeded by arbitrary legislative blocs.

That all this would be exceedingly difficult; that it would require a Constitutional amendment; that the most skilled planning would be necessary to provide machinery by which the wise and competent could rise in international careers — all this is too obvious to require many words. Furthermore, it would take extreme optimism to convince one that any such plan is likely to be adopted in the near future. Nevertheless, a glance at the facts may be salutary, as indicating exactly why the wagers of war are so much more effective than the makers of peace; and also why, though war is not inevitable but a man-made product that can be man-eradicated, we will be far from safe from the menace of conflict until we have both realized and utilized our potentialities for making peace.

Theodore Parker and the Socializing of Religion

R. LESTER MONDALE

Americans in the ranks of liberal religion need Theodore Parker today as they have never needed him before—even when he was alive and in the heat of his battle for the socializing of religion one hundred years ago. We need his help to enable us to see beyond the pathetically superficial social philosophy so many have in mind today when they think of the part religion ought to play in the reforming of the old and the building of the new. This superficial social philosophy is merely a superficial reaction against superficial orthodox religion. In orthodox religion the chief concern of the priest and preacher was the saving of the immortal soul of the individual man, woman, or child from eternal agony in hell. Whether this person was raised in a slum home by drunken parents, whether he was a cotton field slave, whether in early childhood he was chained to a Lancashire loom or made to work in a Newcastle mineshaft, whether he could read and think and enjoy the fireside glow in the chill of the year, whether he died of tuberculosis or was slaughtered on a battlefield was relatively unimportant compared to the saving of his soul and his achievement of the bliss of a place where he could spend all eternity gazing on golden paving blocks and hearing the ceaseless blowing of trumpets and chanting of choirs. Rebelling against this inhumane religious philosophy of "pie in the skies" the average emancipated religious liberal, who is far from as emancipated and as liberal as he imagines he is, still thinks in terms of mansions in heaven—he merely transfers the old and naive mansions-in-heaven idea to this life and this world. Giving people heavenly mansions in this life, by reforming society, is the chief concern of liberal religion, he now insists. Churches must line up with Socialism, says one; the capitalistic exploitation of the proletariat has become unbearable and now, that people have nothing but chains to lose, is the time to strike. Churches must line up with the consumers cooperative movement; cooperation is the only alternative to totalitarianism. Churches must become pacifist societies. Churches must become anti-saloon societies, anti-anti-Semitic societies, anti-Fascist societies, Townsend societies. I even had a female reformer, a retired High School teacher, a neo-Amazonian, come into my church in Chicago to organize the women to overthrow the men. Her argument, secretly imparted to my loyalist wife, was that the female is the older sex, and that the male is only a late-comer, a parvenu, in biology as is clearly seen by the fact (according to her) that the barnacle is a lady!

Certainly a liberal church must be concerned with the question of the rights of women and with the rights of children, with consumer cooperation, with war and with peace and with anti-Semitism; but to just what extent is the liberal church a reform society? And why is it interested in reform?

In Theodore Parker we find one whose liberalism was not merely orthodoxy turned inside out, not merely a revolt against the pie-in-the-skies idea, and not merely a crusade for pie in the here and now. His liberalism and his religion went back to the summer day in 1814 when he was but a four-year-old child, playing at the edge of that delightful brook which runs between the low-lying hills past the Parker ancestral farm home several miles out of Lexington, Massachusetts. He remembered distinctly putting his eyes on a beautiful spotted turtle, pulled up at the edge of a pool and sunning himself. Immediately he raised his arm to strike the sleeping creature. And then—here are his own words: "But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong'." He hurried home to his grey-haired mother —he was her eleventh child and she was now fifty-one years of age—told her what had happened, and asked her what it was that so distinctly told him that it was wrong to strike the turtle. She took him in her arms tenderly and said:

> Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and clearer, and always guide you right; but, if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark, and without a guide. Your life depends upon heeding this little voice.

Here, on the one hand, was the impulse to strike the sleeping turtle, to wantonly annoy, to inflict pain, to destroy—this was wrong. But here, on the other hand, was the opposite, the voice of something that was like the nature of his tender mother and his strong kindly father. Here within was something beautiful and tender, something trying to do for all creatures what the mother and father love was doing for him—smiling on him and on all creatures and causing them to fall in love with

life. Thus it was vividly clear to Theodore Parker from his earliest childhood that life, and everything that made life worthwhile, was merely the growth and unfoldment of this tenderness which had restrained his arm and which he came to see not only in his mother and father but in the world about him, singing with the frogs in the spring, flashing in the fluttering of the butterfly, glowing in the wild rose, and shining forth in the sun and the stars. Thus to be alive in the sense of being alive to the inspiration of misty hills, to the cool fresh breath of early morning, to the warmth of a friend, to the profound meanings of a book, yes, and to be alive to the shivering of little children in ragged garments, and to the degradation of humanity in the ignoble cowering and cringing of the slave—this was not only being truly alive, it was being truly religious. It was giving expression to the Infinite, to the only God we can really know.

And years later, years which saw him buying his first book, a Latin dictionary, with the proceeds from his blueberry picking, years which saw the death of his mother when he was but fourteen, years which saw the struggle of this rugged Socrates-faced, country lad plowing on his father's farm and at the same time teaching school, and reading, reading, reading all hours of the day and night—years later it was the tenderness, the warmth, the singing, the beauty, the greatness I have been talking about which a dark-eyed, quiet but wonderfully affectionate young woman by the name of Miss Lydia Cabot sensed in the young Parker and fell in love with. Presently he was writing her what to our eyes is, of course, a perfect description of the marvelous expansion of life that goes with the continuous unfoldment of the divine within us: "I love my books the more, my school the more, mankind the more, and even God the more, from loving you." Before they could be married, however, the rustic young Parker had to put in four years of studying, teaching in elementary schools, working as a non-resident student in Harvard, and then candidating here and there in Unitarian churches. He candidated an entire year before he found a church which would take him. They were somewhat afraid of his farmer-boy appearance and almost mortally afraid of his intellectuality—it was positively overawing. He was not only versed in the Latin classics by this time, he was also reading in Greek and Hebrew and was devouring whole tomes of the new scholarly enlightment in Germany; and he was also reading in Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Arabic, Persian, Coptic and Russian, and was dabbling in some African dialects. Finally after having endeared himself to two small Unitarian congregations he was called to a larger one, West Roxbury, near Boston. And then came the wedding, and the notation made in his Journal: A solemn promise, (which he always kept), "to bear her burdens, to overlook her foibles, to love, cherish, and ever defend her . . . " And thus he wrote to a friend: "I know that two souls made one by love, can laugh at time and space, and live united forever."

Going into the West Roxbury pulpit Theodore Parker went not as one who is merely in revolt against the old-time religion, or as one who would make his church into a reform society to provide everyone on earth with pie—he went there merely to carry on the glorious work of trying to do for others what that tender and beautiful something in his own heart and in his mother and father and in the world about him had done in his own life. But at that time the Unitarians had become fearfully smug, and Channing himself had begun to complain about the appearance of a "Unitarian orthodoxy." Unitarian ministers crammed their sermons with such words as "salvation," "miracles," "revelation," "Christ the Redeemer." What did they mean by these terms? Parker with his first-hand religion was disgusted with these meaningless and pious mouthings. He described the minister who parroted these words: "Annointed dulness, arrayed in canonicals, his lesson duly conned, presses the consecrated cushions of the pulpit and pours forth weekly his impotent drone, to be blest with bland praises so long as he disturbs not respectable iniquity slumbering in his pew, nor touches the actual sign of the time, nor treads an inch beyond the beaten path of the Church."

In 1841 at an ordination ceremony in South Boston, Parker gave full vent to his ideas in his rousing sermon, "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." The permanent and real in Christianity, he said with the authority of a prophet, was not the Bible, not the person of Jesus, (Christianity could get along without Jesus), not miracles—the real thing was the moral law within. Theodore Parker, from the time he had run from the turtle to his mother's arms, had had an ever-increasingly clearer idea of the moral law within—and now he had the writings of the greatest of the German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, to verify his own personal experience. But what did the Unitarians, or any other church people of 1841 know about a moral law within or about Immanuel Kant? They knew only about a king on a throne, dictating his laws to Moses and to Jesus, judging the quick and the dead, and sending them to heaven and hell. Worse than this, Parker had thrown his vast scholarly resources into the defense of that young heretic, who had so disturbed the Harvard Divinity School and Boston in 1838—Ralph Waldo Emerson. Moreover, Parker had been seen time and again with Emerson and Thoreau and Alcott at Brook Farm, a communist experiment. Consequently, no Unitarian minister dared to invite him as guest speaker; one had, and he had lost his job. What place was there for Parker in Unitarian ranks when Doctor Frothingham, the high-priest of Unitarianism, now that Channing was dead, held that it was in bad taste even to mention in the pulpit anything as secular as a Beethoven Sonata?

Then came the heresy trial. The Unitarian Ministers' Association invited Parker to a tea at which Doctor Frothingham was to preside. The pompous Frothingham opened up on the friendless farmer-boy Parker: he had introduced discord into the Unitarian body; he had written a heretical book, and in the heretical magazine of the Transcendentalists, *The Dial,* had called his fellow ministers "Pharisees." Then Mr. Gannett, now occupying Channing's pulpit, chimed in: "I hope God Almighty will forgive him . . . I can never grasp him by the hand again cordially." And other criticisms: Parker was not a Christian, not a Unitarian; he compromised the Unitarian Association. How about his withdrawing? Completely poised and calm, Parker took up each criticism in turn, put it under his high-powered mental microscope, described its flaws, and gently tore it to pieces as only a great scholar was capable of doing. No. He had not the slightest intention of withdrawing. If the Association wished to expel him that was their privilege. Three hours of this. Then a former Harvard classmate, Cyrus Bartol, rose to speak, and Bartol spoke warmly of Parker's sincerity and his goodness. Then

Mr. Gannett arose and, to the surprise of all, said that he wished to second Bartol's remarks about Parker's sincerity and goodness. And then a minister by the name of Chandler Robbins, an arch conservative, rose; he began to enlarge upon the sympathy he felt for Parker on this occasion and to express the affection he had for him. This was too much for Parker. Tears began to stream from his eyes; he jumped to his feet and rushed out, only to be met by Doctor Frothingham who caught his hand and wrung it and assured him of his personal esteem. And that was the ending of our one and only Unitarian heresy trial.

There were Unitarian liberals who objected to the fact that Parker was never invited to speak from a Boston pulpit. Consequently, a number of these liberals met in January of 1845, and passed this resolution, "That the Reverend Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." After an affectionate parting in Roxbury from his parishioners who were so enamored with the goodness of his heart that they could not be bothered by the heresies of his mind, Parker went to Boston, where, in what was called the Melodeon, they held the first meeting of this the newly-formed twenty-eighth Congregational Church of Boston, and where before a packed auditorium Theodore Parker preached his own installation sermon.

Parker soon had a library of thousands of volumes, the largest personal library in America,—large sections on the literature and history and philosophy of Greece and Rome and the ancient world generally, the latest philosophical and historical and Bible-criticism tomes from Germany, from France. Anthropology, geology, biology, he handled as a specialist. He was talking and writing and preaching evolution years before Darwin came out with his *Origin of Species* in 1859. Even the best lawyers and judges of the times spoke with the greatest of circumspection in his presence because they knew that they were with one who was practically an authority on law, and not just on American law. After the German revolution of 1848 it was to Parker, the one American scholar they really knew, that the refugee scholars wrote for information and advice. Thus his published sermons are not only scholarly but are packed with information. But it was far more than information that the seven thousand persons who signed the membership register of his church found in them. They found the spirit of that something, so beautiful, so tender, so creative which had commanded the child Parker to withhold hitting the turtle, going out to them, calling them to awaken to a new life, to be alive to the beauty and joy of their own physical bodies, to the beauty of ocean shore and New England hill, to the meanings in books, and to the shivering of little children in thin, ragged clothes. This was the voice of God, this was the life of God, and it did not need any Bible or miracle to prove it so.

In Boston, Parker found man's inhumanity to man on every hand; and to remain silent in the face of inhumanity meant destroying the very life-giving principle in him and in the world. How could he remain alive, mentally alive, emotionally alive, physically alive unless he felt he was giving expression to that something in his mother and in his father and in the grandeur of the world which had meant everything to him? He cried to his vast congregation:

> See the unnatural disparity in man's condition, bloated opulence and starving penury in the same street. See the pauperism, want, licentiousness, intemperance, and crime in the midst of us; see the havoc made of woman; see the poor deserted by their elder brother, while it is their sweat which enriches your ground, builds your railroads, and piles up your costly houses.

With their eyes and their hearts opened Parker's hearers began to express the new life he awakened in them in a great wave of humanitarian reform . . . a society to give wayward girls decent employment, prison reform, insane hospital reform, slavery reform.

One evening late in October of 1850, when Parker returned from a lecture in Plymouth to his home in Boston, he found there, behind drawn shades, a grave and whispering group of anti-slavery friends. It was just one month after Congress had passed the Fugitive Slave Act which provided for the sending of government agents into any free state, for their seizure of any fugitive slave who was to be without right of habeas corpus, without right of trial, and without right of testifying in his own behalf. The Act had been devised, with the blessing of the Massachusetts' Senator, Daniel Webster, to counteract the effects of the Underground Railroad which was arousing so much bitter resentment in the South. Although this law violated their traditions of trial by jury, the leading citizens of Massachusetts had taken the position that it was now the law of the land and as the law of the land it was entitled to respect. In Parker's mind, however, it was nothing but a work of iniquity. Sunday after Sunday he thundered his denunciations of its iniquities, and he called upon the people to disobey it and to obey what he called the higher law.

> It seems amazing that American Christianity of the Puritanic stock . . . should prove false to the only principle which at once justifies the conduct of Jesus, of Luther, of the Puritans themselves. For certainly if obedience to the established law be the highest virtue, then the Patriots and Pilgrims of New England, the Reformers of the Church, the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble array of martyrs, nay, Jesus himself, were only criminals and traitors.

Federal agents, the anti-slavery friends told him, had just arrived in Boston and they were after a black man, William Craft, and his wife, Ellen, who had made their way from Georgia to Boston, where they had become parishioners of Theodore Parker, sitting Sundays with a sprinkling of colored people in one of the galleries. Parker immediately called a meetting of the Vigilance Committee. What to do? The Committee decided that the best procedure was to come out boldly and literally to put the fear of God into the "kidnappers," and scare them out of the city. But who was to lead them and make the threats to the agents? Someone suggested Parker's name. Another protested that this was no business for a clergyman.

Immediately into Parker's mind came the thought which had arisen at every time of crisis in his life—the thought of the two old muskets hanging on the wall over his study table, and the muskets brought back the story of that day, April 19, 1775, when his father, then a lad of fourteen years of age, peeked around the corner at the colorful British troops lined up at the entrance to the Lexington Common and at the hastily summoned local militia which stood in their way. The lad had his eyes glued on the commander of the Lexington company; he heard the commander issue his order: "If they mean to have war, let it begin here." The lad swelled with pride, for the man who had issued that command was Captain Parker, his own father, Theodore Parker's grandfather. Under Captain Parker's arm was one of the muskets which now hung over the study desk. The other gun, a British musket, Captain Parker had picked

up on the field after the fatal encounter.

Theodore Parker heard the protest that frightening Federal agents was no business of a preacher, and he answered coolly and calmly, "Gentlemen, this committee can appoint me to no duty I will not perform." They whisked Ellen and William Craft out of the city, and a week later Theodore Parker led a troop of Vigilantes, sixty strong, into the lobby of the United States Hotel, demanded of the proprietor that he produce the agents, and then Parker confronted two frightened men with the warning that violence was in the air and that he could not promise that they would be safe another night in Boston. The agents did not wait for another night.

This crisis, with a succession of similar crises, some with victories, some with stinging defeats, together with the gigantic job of studying and writing and editing that he shouldered along with his preaching Sunday by Sunday to the vast crowds which packed Music Hall, together with his covering the country, as far west as Wisconsin and Illinois, on the lecture platform, was more of a job than the human frame, even such a powerful frame as Theodore Parker possessed, could bear. Several violent illnesses were not enough to give him warning; he plunged on ahead doing what only a giant could do, until finally one Sunday his audience of thousands sat tense and grave when he failed to appear as usual at the opening moment. Where was that familiar figure that James Russell Lowell, an occasional member of that audience, had so nicely described?

> There he stands looking more like a ploughman than priest,
> If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least,
> His gestures all downright and same . . .
> But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke
> Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak,
> You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet
> With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street.

Minute waited upon minute. Whispering ceased. All eyes followed Deacon Manley to the platform; a note in his hand:

> Well-beloved friends, I shall not speak to you today; for this morning a little after four o'clock I had a slight attack of bleeding from lungs or throat . . . I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak.

Then the conclusion of the note, so perfectly summarizing the religion he lived and he taught: "May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and his blessing will be upon us here and hereafter, for his infinite love is with us for ever and ever."

In a year he was dead of tuberculosis, dead at least twenty years before his time. But in that comparatively short life he had demonstrated conclusively how truly liberal religion is not just a means of building here on earth substitutes for mansions in the sweet by-and-by, but an expression in our homes, in our friendships, in our cities of that something which commanded the little arm to forbear striking the sleeping turtle, of that same something in his father and mother which nurtured him, of that same something in the world of nature which constantly inspired him, and which commanded his response: "Gentlemen, this committee can appoint me to no duty which I will not perform." And so the final summons from the infinite order of things brought from him no fear and no regrets, only the words: "When I see the inevitable, I fall in love with it."

An Obscured Image

MAY STRANATHAN

In his book, *Pilgrims in the Region of Faith,* John A. Hutton quotes these words from John Henry Newman: "If I looked into the mirror and could not see my face, I should have the same sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living world and see no reflection of its Creator. I look out into this living world of men and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, my belief in God, and the effect upon me is a matter of necessity as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself."

This confusion drove Newman into the Catholic church. As confusing, even more confusing, a state faces the world today. We cannot see in this war the face of our common humanity, to say nothing of the guidance of a Creator who loves his world. When we look to the "Christian" nations, we see no reflection of the spirit of Jesus, but only a blurred and spotted picture, with here and there a few who cling to the way of life taught by the founder of this religion. Though here and there some one speaks of the "anti-Christ," we do not hear prayers for the success of the Allies in the churches as we did during the first World War.

To one seeking something to take the place of what seems fruitless and formal worship, there come the words of Isaiah: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

John Ruskin and Newman lived through the same troublous times in England and the world, and to Ruskin, too, the face of the Creator seemed hid by the conditions he saw. He called the "'modern warfare" of his day worse than the poisoned arrow of the savage, and said: "And yet you tell me that any other way is impossible. It may be so. The progress of modern science cannot perhaps be otherwise registered than by new facilities for destruction, and the brotherly love of our enlarged Christianity be proved only by multiplication of murder." But he also said:

"If you take away masses of men from industrial employment, feed them by the labor of others, move them, and provide them with destructive machines—if you have to ravage the country you attack, destroy its roads, its woods, its cities and its harbors; and if finally, having brought masses of men by the hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear them to pieces with jagged shot and leave them fragments of living creatures, what book of account shall render the cost of your work, what book of judgment sentence the guilt of it?"

Were Ruskin alive today and an American citizen, he would doubtless be in favor of a vote for every soldier, but he would have insisted that this vote be a wise and righteous one. He found no inspiration in the verses—though someone had blundered—

> "Their's not to reason why,
> Their's but to do and die."

For, speaking at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, he told the young men preparing for military service: "A soldier's vow to his country is that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue and her challenged honor. A state without virtue, without honor, he is not bound to defend—nay, he is bound to redress by his own right hand what he sees base in her. A great nation does not allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors 'under circumstances over which they have no control,' and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth."

Holding in his hand a journal which declared that the greatness of England was due, more than to any other agency, to the abundance and cheapness of its coal, Ruskin said: "If this be true, then 'ashes to ashes' be our epitaph, and the sooner the better. I tell you, gentlemen of England, if ever you would have your country breathe the pure air of heaven again, and receive again soul into her body, you must think and feel for her as well as fight for her. You must teach her that all the true greatness she ever had or will have is due to her thinkers, her statesmen, her poets, captains, martyrs, and to the patient toil of her poor; that greatness is still possible for Englishmen even though the ground be not hollow under their feet nor the sky black over their heads.

"I tell you solemnly that the day is coming when the soldiers of England must be her tutors, and that the captains of her navy must be the captains of her mind. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock heaven and its powers by pretending a belief in the revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of all evil, and declaring at the same time that it is actuated and intends to be actuated in all chief national deeds, and measures, by no other love."

The Study Table

Santayana's Autobiography

THE MIDDLE SPAN. *By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

This book is the second volume of Professor Santayana's *Persons and Places*, a leisurely work in which, amid the clash of arms and the fall of nations, this distinguished thinker and writer is quietly telling the story of his life. As one turns these serene pages, it seems incredible that they could have been composed in Italy during the last three years. But Santayana was always a detached person — apart from rather than a part of the scene of which he writes! And never was this aloofness, this life within as contrasted with life without, more manifest than in this continuation of his autobiography.

Santayana follows no chronology in his tale, as he organizes his memories around subjects rather than years. But the boundaries of the book are plain — from his graduate studies in Europe as a Harvard Fellow in 1886-1887, to his resignation from the Harvard faculty in 1912. His relief at his retirement is impressive evidence of how little he was adapted to the work to which he had given the best years of his life. What was the matter with Santayana? He was obviously a split personality — a Spanish-American, a poet-philosopher, an unbelieving Roman Catholic. But this does not explain what can only be called the failure of his life from every personal and practical point of view. He had friends, he was a member of the most distinguished philosophical faculty in America, he wrote books which rank high and are greatly honored — but somehow his career did not come off. When he fled from America to Europe and hid himself away, it was a confession of something not yet made manifest in his story.

Santayana would undoubtedly have us believe that the world was not worthy of him. He does not say so in so many words, but this is the clear implication of these carefully wrought and almost flawless pages. All through what he writes is an abiding contempt for the persons with whom he was associated, the culture in which he flourished, the times and places in which he lived. This contempt is least obvious when he writes of Spain, and of his home town of Avila, and of his father's family and friends. Here there is conveyed a sense of old-world charm which warms into affection and happiness. Santayana also found in his heart what came close to enthusiasm for England and the English. He loved London, and his best friend was an Englishman. But when he speaks of this country, and more particularly of Boston and of Harvard College, he yields completely to a scorn which is always well-bred and therefore restrained in its expression, but is none the less complete. One understands at last whence came that peculiar novel, *The Last Puritan*. This was no accident, but the pure distillation of Santayana's spirit.

To one who knew Boston and Harvard as I did in my student days when Santayana was a professor, these pages of reminiscence are constantly amusing and at the same time increasingly irritating. Santayana brings back the old days, but in what a light of cynicism! There is vitriol in what he writes of Eliot and James and Palmer and C. C. Everett. For Norton he seems to have had a real affection, based on gratitude for

Norton's many favors; and he shows genuine appreciation of such minor figures as Charles Copeland and Barrett Wendell. But on the whole his attitude is that of an Olympian, looking down upon poor pitiable mankind, and saying, "What fools these mortals be."

The cruelest passage in the book makes reference to Samuel M. Crothers (misspelled Cruthers!) and his conduct of the funeral of Professor Everett. "Crothers," writes Santayana, "was the Unitarian minister in Cambridge and couldn't help being saturated with complacency and with unctious flattery of everything mediocre." Hence, it is implied, his admiration for Everett! Now, to those who remember Dr. Crothers nothing could be more inaccurate than this characterization. It shows that Santayana never came within a thousand miles of understanding Crothers, or Unitarians generally. And this raises the question as to whether he ever understood those of whom he writes so freely and bitterly. There was a lack somewhere in Santayana. This book is a record of the definite limitations of his personality.

My memory of Santayana is vivid. I never knew him, but saw him often. He was a strikingly handsome figure — tall, well-built, dark, and elegant. He was always alone — I cannot recall ever seeing him with a companion. His eyes were deep and lustrous, and quick to observe. They never ignored you, but always searched you through. But they had a strange, hunted, almost frightened look. Was this man afraid — and perhaps envious of those more confident and courageous than himself? We students thought him queer —and this student thinks so still.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"Voodoo and Glory"

THE LETTERS OF ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. *Edited by Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey. New York: Viking Press. 410 pp. $3.50.*

Thousands of people will remember Alexander Woollcott. "This is Woollcott speaking" will still sound in their ears. Then, too, he will be remembered by certain groups. Among these groups all Hamilton College men will be profoundly grateful for these letters. Woollcott loved his Alma Mater. He did many gracious acts to show this, but his descriptions of the old Chapel and the chapel bell will live as long as that great college lives. He meant these letters, or most of them, as a tribute to his beloved college. He wrote kind words of his teachers, his fellow students, and especially of his proteges whom he sent to Hamilton, paying their tuition and watching their progress.

Among other interesting bits in these letters are notes about the books he liked and urged others to read. It is almost a record of his best reading over the years, for the letters begin when he was a schoolboy and continue until his sudden and untimely death. His method of recommending books was so contagious that one felt he must drop everything and get that one important book. It was the same when he spoke of great art or the "Seeing Eye" or whatever he had in mind for the moment.

What a Platonic affair he had with Laura E. Richards whom we all remember since the day we first read *Captain January*. The friendship lasted till the day of her death. Writing of her shortly after she died, he exclaimed, "What a triumphant life!" The words were those of a seer, because in three days he, too, was laid low, and the identical words would have been his most fitting eulogy.

Time fails the reviewer to mention the great names of those in modern letters with whom he corresponded. Winston Churchill in England sought his words, as did the humblest maidservant in his native land. Perhaps the tribute he loved best came from a Negro cook employed by one of his friends, "there's voodoo in his voice but glory in his tales."

To the last he thought of his beloved Alma Mater. His friends were wont to say, "When Alexander Woollcott dies he will go to Hamilton College." And thither his friends carried his ashes on that gray day over a year ago. In truth it may be said of him, "Being dead he yet speaketh," for the Negro was a seer as well as a cook; verily there was voodoo in his voice and surely there was glory in his tales.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

Correspondence

Appeal

TO UNITY:

I am venturing to ask you to publish this letter in UNITY from Cross St. Chapel, Manchester, in order that it may reach American Unitarians who may feel moved to help us.

Cross St. Chapel was founded in 1694 and has a long history coming from Puritan days. For 251 years, it has represented the cause of a forward-looking religion both in Manchester and throughout England. It is known in America as an outpost of Unitarianism. During the years Cross St. Chapel has made notable contributions to civic and public life and has been served by some of the best-known English Unitarian ministers. Its history is one of which any chapel might well be proud.

In December, 1940, the old chapel was completely wrecked by enemy bombing and much of its heritage was lost. Since then, the congregation has been compelled to worship in a small committee-room. We have celebrated the 251st anniversary by building a temporary structure in the midst of the ruins, which will serve as the chapel till permanent rebuilding is possible. The loss, the inadequacy of the accommodation in the committee-room, and the task of finding money to erect a temporary structure, have put severe strains upon the present congregation, which it is facing bravely.

During the war, we have entertained at our Sunday services many members of the American forces, and the chapel represents the most definitely progressive elements within English Unitarianism today. We have opened a Rebuilding Fund for the erection of a permanent and worthy chapel to take the place of that which has been lost. A Fund has also been opened towards paying for the cost of the temporary building.

It has occurred to the minister and committee that many American Unitarians would care to help us at this time of our need, including any who knew the old chapel and may have worshipped there in former days. I am, therefore, venturing to appeal through your columns to the Unitarians of the United States of America for financial help. Any contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Cross St. Chapel, Cross St., Manchester, 2, England, by whom they will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Cross St. Chapel has served many of all nationalities at a time of spiritual need; I am sure that at this moment, when we face severe problems, we shall not appeal in vain.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT,
(*Minister: Cross St. Chapel.*)

Manchester, England.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois

CHICAGO SUMMER SERVICES

For the first time in many years Unitarian services are being held throughout the summer. Sponsored by the Chicago Unitarian Council and with the cooperation of the First Unitarian Church, a worship and preaching service is held each Sunday morning at the First Church (57th Street and Woodlawn Avenue). The preachers for the summer have been and are:

July 1—Rev. Richard M. Steiner: Minister, Church of Our Father, Portland, Oregon.

July 8—Rev. Von Ogden Vogt: Minister Emeritus, First Church, Chicago.

July 15—Dr. Von Ogden Vogt.

July 22—Rev. James Luther Adams: The Meadville Theological School.

July 29—Rev. Randall S. Hilton: Secretary, Western Unitarian Conference.

Aug. 5—Rev. Gaston Carrier: Montreal, Quebec.

Aug. 12—Professor Sunder Joshi: University of Chicago.

Aug. 19—Mr. Jack Mendelsohn, Jr.: Minister, Beverly Unitarian Fellowship, Chicago.

Aug. 26—Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer: Minister, Third Unitarian Church, Chicago.

Sept. 2—Rev. Ellery Haskell: Chester, Pennsylvania.

Sept. 9—Dr. Von Ogden Vogt.

The regular services of the First Church will be resumed on September 16, with the minister of the church in charge, Rev. Leslie T. Pennington. Mr. Pennington is spending the summer in New England.

COLORADO SPRINGS

The church in Colorado Springs, Colorado, closed only for the month of July. Special services will be held during August with Rev. Gerald F. Weary as the preacher for the month. The regular services will begin the first Sunday in September under the leadership of the minister of the church, Rev. Hurley Begun.

BLOOMINGTON

Rev. Gerald F. Weary has resigned to accept the invitation to become the minister of the newly organized Unitarian Society at Port Washington, Long Island, N. Y.

ANOTHER KUCH

Rev. and Mrs. G. Richard Kuch have announced the adoption of a daughter, two-month old Cameron Tobin Kuch. Mr. Kuch is the acting assistant director of the American Unitarian Youth for the summer. Mrs. Kuch and Cameron are spending a portion of the summer with Mrs. Kuch's mother, Mrs. Arthur Tobin, of Chicago. Mr. Kuch is minister of the Rockford Unitarian Church.

ST. LOUIS

Rev. Thaddeus B. Clark has accepted the invitation of the First Unitarian Church of St. Louis, Missouri, to become its minister. He will undertake his new duties in September. Dr. Clark has been minister of the Unitarian Church of New Orleans, Louisiana, for the past several years.

HINSDALE

Friends in the church and community were greatly saddened to learn of the accidental death of Michael, 22-month old son of Rev. and Mrs. Robert S. Turner, on July 18 at their ranch in Wyoming.

SHELBYVILLE

Rev. Francis M. Ruland, who was student minister at Shelbyville while he attended The Meadville Theological School, preached there on July 8. Mr. Ruland is the minister at Sioux City, Iowa.

LON RAY CALL

Rev. Lon Ray Call, Minister-at-Large for the American Unitarian Association and former Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, has been spending the summer in Chicago. He is doing research work for a book on which he is working.

MRS. FAH'S BOOK

Jesus, the Carpenter's Son, by Sophia Fahs, is now off the press and a supply has been received at the Western Conference office. This is a book that you will want for your church school and that will be desired by parents of young people of Junior High School age, for their library. Order now. Also, order all materials for your Church School through the Western Unitarian Conference, Book Department. Prompt ordering will insure prompt service.

URBANA

Rev. and Mrs. Philip Schug have announced the birth of a daughter, Mary Margaret.

DAYTON

Rev. Harold P. Marley writes that the Dayton Church has voted to proceed with building an addition to the church.

SECRETARY'S DATE BOOK

April 20—Lincoln, Nebraska.
April 22—Colorado Springs, Colorado.
April 24—Ft. Collins, Colorado.
April 25-9—Denver, Colorado.
May 1—Beverly, Chicago, Annual Meeting.
May 13-15—Conference Meetings, Hinsdale, Illinois.
May 20—Schenectady, New York.
May 21-24—Boston, Massachusetts.
May 27—Bloomington, Illinois.
June 3—Beverly, Chicago.
June 4-5—Meadville Centennial, Chicago.
June 6—Committee on Promotion, Chicago.
June 10—Hobart, Indiana.
June 17—Louisville, Kentucky.
July 11—Bloomington, Illinois.
July 29—First Church, Chicago.